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While thy little eye-lids close  
 In rosy sleep, in soft repose,  
 Each opening charm my time beguiles,  
 Quivering lips, and angel smiles,  
 Outstretched hand, and heaving breast,  
 Murmuring sighs, but half exprest:  
 Oh! emblem sweet of all that's fair,  
 Innocence devoid of care;  
 Scarcely reason's dawning light  
 Beams in these eyes, so blue, so bright,  
 But when she shines with broader beam,  
 O! may the virtues be thy theme:  
 May thy footsteps never stray,  
 In folly's path, from wisdom's way:  
 Then the hope and joy thou'lt be  
 Of parents who now doat on thee.

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

THE underneath verses were twice offered for publication in periodical prints of this city, but they appeared with a variety of incorrections; should you think them worthy a place in your collection, your giving them insertion, will oblige

Dublin, 1815. AMICUS.

SONG.

*Air*—"GARRYONE."

I.

OH! the heart that's by ruthless intolerance led,  
 Whilst the tempest of bigotry rages, may smile,  
 But then, ah! let the tear of compassion be shed,  
 O'er the errors of men, and forgive them the while.  
 For, how dark soe'er our fortunes be,  
 If we're rul'd by mercy's sacred sway,  
 Round the soul, from gloomy rancour free,  
 The beam of enjoyment will fervently play.  
 Oh! then, IRISHMEN, heed not the malice of knaves,  
 Nor your pity withhold from th' intolerant mind,  
 For the wages corruption bestows on her slaves,  
 Cannot equal the sting which remorse leaves behind!

II.

While we blame the poor dupes, the poor fanatic crew,  
 Who their prejudice please, and leave country aside,

Shall we rank with such fools, and indulge hatred too,  
 Or be men,—and forgive them with true Irish pride?  
 Oh! his morals 'tis, and not the man,  
 That will share th' abhorrence of the just,  
 And if our dear island love we can,  
 Bear love to her sons, tho' unworthy we must!  
 Oh! then, IRISHMEN, heed not the malice of knaves,  
 Nor your pity refuse the intolerant mind,  
 For the wages corruption retails to her slaves,  
 Cannot equal the sting which remorse leaves behind!

SONG.

*Air*—"THE BROWN IRISH GIRL."

I.

ERIN, sure thy artless lay,  
 Dear to kindest sympathy,  
 True to tend'rest tones of love,  
 Stole its note from world's above!  
 Yes! oh yes! 'tis Heaven to hear  
 Strains to heavenly feeling dear,  
 Wok'd by angels like to thine;  
 Oh! the anthem is divine!

II.

Lives the bosom can deny,  
 To the soft complaint—a sigh?  
 Or refuse compassion's flow  
 To thy hero's song of wo?  
 Oh! celestial is the spell,  
 Breathing thro' thy plaintive shell!  
 Ev'n his heart to grief responds,  
 Whilst the dark foe seals thy bonds.

III.

Like the tears which cherubs shed  
 O'er a pious mortal's head,  
 (Mingling pity's dew with love!)  
 If a crime his weakness prove:  
 ERIN, while thy numbers die,  
 On their lip's the gen'rous sigh  
 To thy feuds devoutly giv'n,  
 By the fav'rite fair of Heav'n!

IV.

Wilt thou—wilt thou ne'er invite  
 Union's morn and Freedom's light?  
 Must thy feuds, thy tyrant's pow'r,  
 Cast in gloom thy fairest hour?  
 Must thy daughters weep in vain,  
 Brothers weaving discord's chain?

ERIN ! ERIN ! wake, awake !—  
Rise in love :—the bondage break !

### FAREWELL SONG.

ADDRESSED TO A HIGHLY ESTEEMED  
FRIEND.

“ Those who have lov'd the fondest—the  
purest,  
“ Too often have wept o'er the dream  
they believ'd ;  
“ And the heart that has slumber'd in  
friendship securest,  
“ Is happy indeed if 'twere never de-  
ceiv'd.”

MOORE.

*Air*—“ KILLIKRANKY.”

I.

OH ! fare thee well !  
I'll love thee still  
With sterling pure devotion,  
And own this smile,  
All pure from guile,  
While this heart's pulse has motion.  
Yet whilst I'll steer  
Thro' life's lone sphere,  
By cold ill-nature shaded,  
Down mem'ry's steep  
Look back and weep,  
O'er scenes whose truth has faded !

II.

Oh ! Nature, when  
The souls of men  
Receiv'd thy holy charter,

Has friendship made  
A stock in trade  
For hypocrites to barter ?  
Ah, no !—the bond  
Which angels own'd,  
By worldly craft's profaned ;  
The law of love,  
First fram'd above,  
No selfish act contained.

III.

Ah !—tho' unkind,  
This feeling mind  
O'er former views shall wander !  
Embrace thy chain,  
And own thy reign,  
Ev'n with affection fonder ;  
For, Oh ! where'er  
The footstep fair  
Of truest love is glowing,  
Each trace will turn  
To orbs that burn,  
While mem'ry's tears are flowing !

IV.

Let hope divine  
That truth like mine  
Shall in some love possess thee ;  
Yet hate him not,  
Tho' dark his lot,  
Who ne'er shall cease to bless thee !  
Then, Oh, adieu !  
Thy worth I'll view  
With truth's most fond devotion,  
And love,—tho' ne'er  
Thy love I'll share,  
Whilst this heart's pulse has motion !

### DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

*Specification of the Patent granted to Jacob Samuel Eschanzier, of Gibraltar, Esquire, and Henry Constantine Jennings, of Marchmont-street, Russell-Square, in the County of Middlesex, Gentleman ; for a new mode of manufacturing, using and applying, certain articles, by means of which mariners and other persons may be saved from drowning.*

IN compliance with the said proviso, I the said Henry Constantine Jennings do hereby specify and declare the nature

of my said invention, and the manner in which the same is to be performed, as follows, viz. Take thirteen feet four inches of stout calico, of about two feet eight inches in breadth, or other manufacture proper to serve as ticken or covering for a bed ; double it, and sew it together across, in eleven equal sections or divisions, thus :

